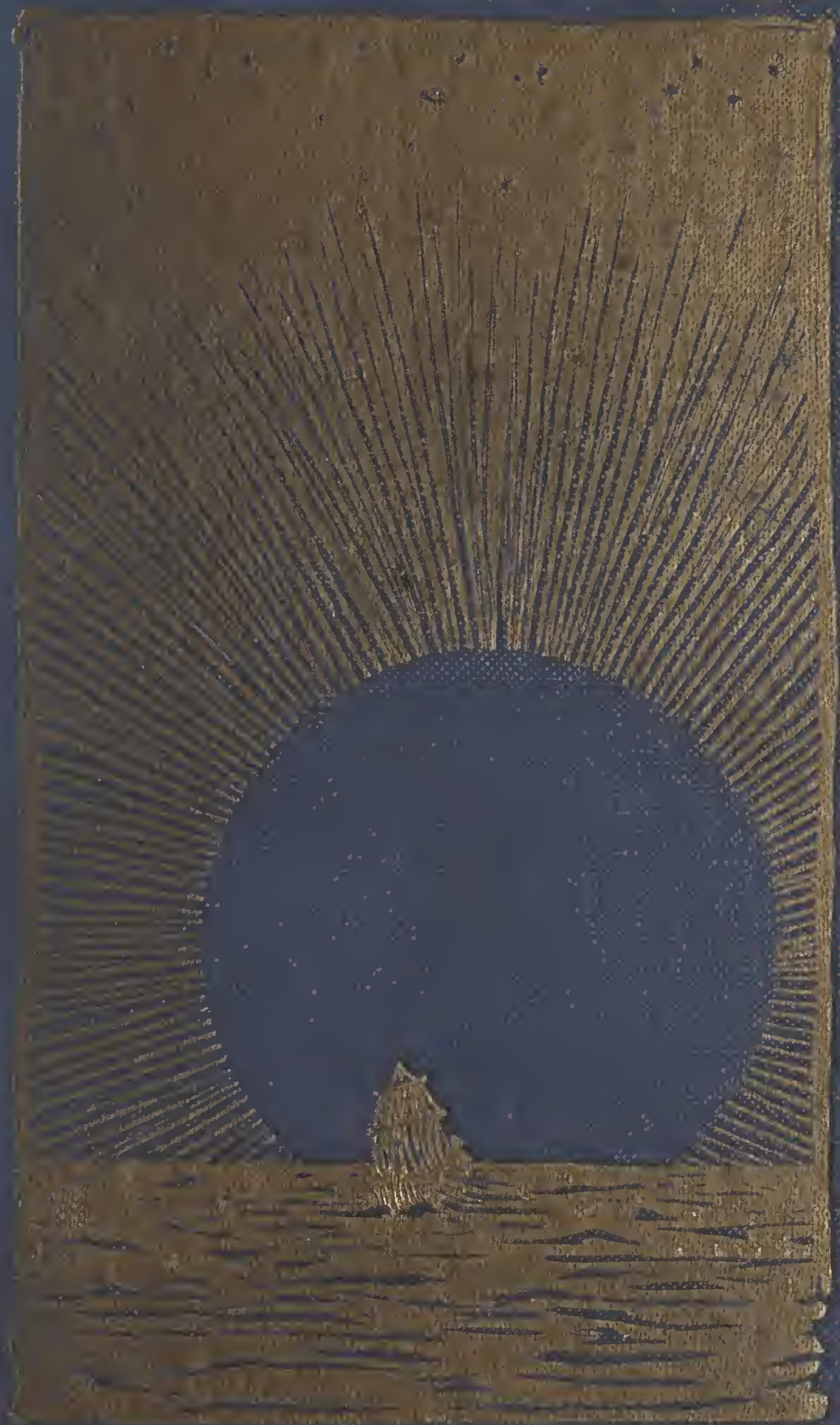


SONGS of the SILENCE



BY F. C. HOLMES



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*Songs
of the
Silence*



Fenwicke L. Holmes

17



SONGS *of the* SILENCE

AND
OTHER
POEMS

By

FENWICKE L. HOLMES

AUTHOR OF "THE LAW OF MIND IN ACTION,"
"BEING AND BECOMING," "THE FAITH THAT
HEALS," "PRACTICAL HEALING," ETC.



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SONGS OF THE SILENCE

TOSSED by life's billows, yet never submerged,
The spirit within me, instinctive, is urged
Down the long trail of the light-o-the-sea,
Away to the Land of the Ever-to-Be.
Sailing, I sing, and singing, I sail
Out on my course in the sweep of the gale.
Knowing my word is a sail and a wing,
I sing as I sail and sail as I sing.
Nearer and nearer the rim of the world,
I fling to the breeze every canvas unfurled:
Swept by the free winds from sunrise to star,
I make for the harbor that lieth afar.
Never alone on the breast of the sea,
I list to a voice that is singing to me
The songs of the silence. Its bird-wings afloat
Against the far light, with its musical note,
It glides on before me, proclaiming the way
That leaps from the sea-light into the day.
Everything moves to the voice as it speaks:
The word I have uttered, embodies and seeks
Expression in form; and the passionate thought
I spoke in the silence, my future has wrought.
So I sail; so I sing; so, free as a bird
I rule my own fate by the power of my word.

THE MAN OF VISION

A MAN there was with a common name
And a common view of life;
His thoughts were always of common things
And never rose to the sky on wings,
Nor ever soared where the spirit sings
Far over the common strife.

So he lived and worked in a common way,
In a plain and grubworm style,
And ate and slept with never a thought
To lift him out of the common lot;
And so at length in a common spot
They laid him after a while.

Another I saw with a common name
But a vision vast and high;
He dreamed of heights for his soul to climb;
And, vision with act in perfect rhyme,
He flung himself with a faith sublime,
Far out on the trackless sky.

He blazed a trail for the souls to come
With a dreamer's artless art;
For, ever the dreamer of noble mind
Who *lives* the vision, shall living find
His vision painted for all mankind
And hung in the common heart.

I SEE YOU AS YOU ARE

I SEE you as you are, O man,
I see you as you are!
Yes, men may drive you from their path,
The world may curse you in its wrath,
Your own heart join the choiring swell
That ever chants of how you fell
And drives you into deeper hell;
Yet bruised by scar on scar,
I see you as you are.

I see you as a starry youth
All-radiant with the zeal of truth,
All-eager for your golden quest,
All-courage for the hardest test!
How firm your faith! for life, what zest!
Though others see a fallen star,
I see you as you are.

I see you as you are; the plan
Of devil, demon, fate or man
Cannot destroy the self I see,
A wingèd spirit. Aye, in thee,
I see the life that cannot be
Imprisoned by a bar:
I see you as you are.

I see thy *self*, a god concealed,
An image hid, yet half revealed:
For well I know that in that frame,
The body spoiled by lust and shame,
Is one who answers to the name
Of god. Nor time can mar
The mighty self you are.

And in thy sky shall dawn the time
Thy soul shall wake; in pow'r sublime
Shall cast aside its wretched fears
And all the broken things of years,
And lo! a brilliant light appears,
A new and splendid star!
I see you as you are.

THE POOL

AROUND me cans and muck and mire,
Old brush and filth and twisted wire,
A city's dumping ground.
And in its midst a little pool!
How bright it shone, how calm and cool,
With chaos all around!
Surprised to find it in this place,
I gazed upon its crystal face
To search its secret deep.
And lo! I saw a sky and sun
And fleecy clouds—a fabric spun,
A shepherd and his sheep,
An arching dome, a whole wide sky,
But not a trace could I descry
Of filth that lay around.
The pool reflected all above
And pregnant with its lofty love
It mated not the ground.

CHANCE AND CHOICE

THE base soul bows his head in fear
And prays to gods of fickle chance;
The noble faces all with cheer
And dares *remake* the circumstance.

One prays, "O God, I take the blow
That falls upon my chastened head:"
The other eyes his subtile foe
And gets his own blow in instead.

One hopes his hopes and prays his prayers
And *wishes* good might come his way;
The other *steers* the bark that bears
His heavy cargo through the spray.

Thus o'er the sea to harbors far
Each steers his bark, each pulls his oar,
Each sets his sail, each picks his star,
Each meets the calm or tempest's roar.

One strikes life's wave like armor-plate;
The other leaps it, splendid, free:
And what the craven takes as fate,
The great soul turns to destiny.

I DO DECREE

I DO decree! Let life reveal
Its hidden good to me.
I do decree that fate shall stand
Aside and let me see
My way.

I do decree that joy shall swing
On to my path again.
I do decree that honors due
Shall come to me from men
Who pay.

I do decree! Fate, stand aside!
Begone, you sneaking foe!
I do decree! I am the man
Who tells the way I go
Or rest.

I do decree! I tremble not.
Strike on! I know your ruse.
I do decree! 'Tis I that speak,
'Tis I select and choose
My best.

I do decree! From out the void
My vision springs to form.
I do decree that I shall find
My good in ev'ry storm
That blows.

I do decree! Today I have
That which my soul demands.
I do decree! My pray'r is heard
By That Which understands,
Which knows.

FEAR AND FAITH

HE who arises with faith in the day
Shall find a straight path to his goal;
While he who fears as he goes on his way,
Shall pay a great price to his soul.

'Tis he who dares to have faith in himself
Who finds all the world will agree,
And gladly giving its honors and pelf
Rejoices in men such as he.

Be not a craven the hour that you are
In touch with the great of the clan,
But take your place as a co-equal star,
Since each at the base is a man!

I DO BELIEVE

I DO believe the sun will shine
On paths now wet with tears,
That good must come at length to me
Out of the woe of years.

I do believe my hand shall guide
My vessel through the haze,
That some clear star shall shine for me
And lead to splendid days.

I do believe that noble hearts
Shall win their way at length,
That to the soul that will not doubt
Is given double strength.

I do believe that friends are true,
That life is good and fine,
That through my faith I win to me
The good I would were mine.

I do believe! No hope or force
Avails for power or pelf
One half so much as does my faith
That takes them for myself!

YOU CANNOT SAIL FOR ME

TO-DAY I set my soul the task
To go the way I will:

To-day let all who wish me well
And all who wish me ill
Be still.

For I shall go as my soul decrees,
I shall make for the harbors I choose,
It is I set the sail,
It is I face the gale,
It is I who must cope with the ruse
And the will of the storm.

If I am to sail
Afar, without trail

Alone on the breast of the sea,
Can you turn the rudder for me,
Can you set my sail?

Can you meet my gale?

Is it you who shall take the blow?
Ah, then, is it well

That you seek to tell

Or dictate the way I shall go?

You may point me the light of a star,

You may warn of the reef and the bar,

You may say, "It is so and is so,"

You may mark out a way I can go—

BUT YOU SHALL NOT SAIL IT FOR
ME.

THE WINGÈD VICTORY

I SOUGHT of the muse, "Reveal to me
What can the Wingèd Victory be."

And she answered, "The angel with victor wings
Is the Angel of Hope and Faith that springs
To the aid of man, and of triumph sings."

Then the muse breathed deep the delphic air
And told me these tales of the Angel rare:

"Once as a man fared on and climbed the steep,
He groaned and all but fell upon the earth.

His strength entirely spent, his brow bit deep

With pain, his life had lost its sense of worth.

The night came on apace, black shadows fell

Across the path, and from his lips was wrung
A cry of anguish, like a soul in hell

Upon whose tortured flesh new wracks are sprung.

When, lo! a light! He lifted eyes and saw

Thee there, thou Angel Form of Victory!

And over all his soul, pain-wracked and raw

There fell the light and peace that come from Thee,
Thou Wingèd Victory. He gazed, and fair

Across his sight there gleamed Thy angel light:

And by that vision, did his soul, aware

Of Thee, grow strong. HE WON THE HEIGHT!"

Alone upon the sea, a sailor lad

With weakened clasp, gripped hopeless at the oar,
And mumbled in his throat, as one gone mad

With thirst, and pulls with faith and strength no more.
And he had plunged, despairing, in the sea,

Hadst Thou not come and held out beck'ning hand
And called to him, O Wingèd Victory.

But having faith in Thee, he won the land!

What then, or who art Thou, Thou vision blessed,

That in the last despairing hour of men

Appears; that so, the mind, distraught, distressed,

Defeats defeat, and wins its way again?

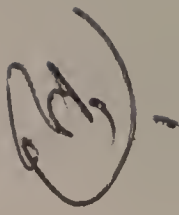
"I am the Word, the Wingèd Word of Life,

I am the Truth the struggling world must find;

I am the Sword of Faith that wins in strife,

I am the Messenger of Cosmic Mind:

And he who dares to seek and trust this power,
Shall find my throne and dais in his soul.
I am within, I am that Higher Knower,
I am, I am, the I Am of the Whole.
Within thy soul, I am thy Will-to-Do,
I am thy self, revealed; I am thy might,
I am the Great Unlimited in you,
Have faith in me and THOU SHALT WIN THE
HEIGHT!"



THE WORD

THE Word is a wing that wends its way
To the lost, the lonely, the soul astray:
'Tis the breath of love, 'tis a mother's prayer,
'Tis a song set singing in the air.
'Tis a jewel, a gem of fair renown:
'Tis the Sacred Book, 'tis the scholar's gown:
'Tis the Pow'r of Truth, to God 'tis kin:
For the Word is the Voice of Christ within."

I BREATHE THE LIFE OF GOD

I BREATHE the life and love of God,
The spirit-raptured air,
And feel the thrilling, vibrant force
Of Him whose ardent care
Enfills the whole.

I breathe His life as one who quaffs
From out the sacred cup,
Who drinks the wine of God, the Vine;
For, as I turn it up,
God fills the bowl.

I thrill anew with health and peace,
While through my veins asurge
There flow the full-breathed tides of health
That cleanse, inspire, and purge
From pain and strife.

I breathe more deep the pranic air,
Drink deeper still the bowl;
For as I drink, from Life's full brink,
God fills my thirsty soul
With His own life,

LIFE KNOWS ME

O LIFE, I have no theme to make
My muse to sing, my lyre to wake
But thee: no spring from which to drink
But life with overflowing brink
To satisfy my muse and slake
The uprush of my mind.
In thee alone I find
My mystic lyre
Aflame with fire.

O life, how often have I sought
Some theme that would engage thee not,
But ever as I touch the string
It is thy voice that comes to sing,
And, all unconscious, I have wrought
No melody but thee.
O life, what can it be
That strikes my lyre
With its own fire?

O mystery of life and all within!
What I shall be, what I have been,
What I am now, what makes me so,
How I have come! Oh could I know
What is my source, and what my kin,
Then might I know the pow'r
That rises at this very hour
To strike my lyre
With its own fire.

From whence comes truth, 'til now unknown?
From what far wisdoms is it blown?
From what vast center does it rise
To fill me with some new surprise?
O life, this only am I shown,
That though I know not thee
Still Life itself knows me
And strikes my lyre
With its own fire.

LIFE IS ALL

FOR life we know, and knowing, do not know—
Whence do we come, and whither do we go?—
Yet life is all and plays the master rôle,
It is its own true witness to its fact;
Illusive, subtile substance of the soul
That ever gives of self and yet remains intact.

THE CHANGING AND THE CHANGELESS

A MIDST the changing, moving play of forces,
Amidst the ever alt'ring scope of things,
Amidst life's broken ties and intercourses,
To one sure ground my soul, insistent, clings.

There is one place where only love is spoken,
Where Time rules not, though ages roll and roll,
Where music played on harpstrings never broken
Rings through the timeless, changeless chambers of my
soul.

A PAYING PLAN

HE looked at life with level eyes,
He felt no fear: as one applies
The steady calmness of his soul
To play his part and take his rôle,
He did his work. A stalwart man,
He gave to life a paying plan.
Who thought of him felt not the flash
And sparkle of the comet's dash,
But rather sensed the steady star
That radiates its light afar,
Around whose orb the planets roll,
Whose currents run from pole to pole,
Compelling not by bursts of power
But silently from hour to hour.
And men, concurrent to his thought,
Were like the planets—knew it not!
'Tis not the man who makes a fight
To magnetize and rule by might,
Achieves the most: the Would-Be-Great
Shall win small honors from the state.
But down the vistas of all time
His life is luminous, sublime,
Who does his best: he wins who tries
To look at life with level eyes.
Who gives to life a paying plan
Shall take the title of a man.

THE GREATER SELF

I AM thy life within thee,
I am thy health;
I am thy choicest treasure,
I am thy wealth;
I am thy deepest wisdom,
I am thy light;
I am thy power within thee,
I am thy might;
I am thy warm emotion,
I am thy truth;
I am thine ageless heritage,
I am thy youth;
I am thy hope of heaven,
I am the way;
I am thy light eternal,
I am the day;
I am thy will-to-conquer,
I am thy sword;
I am the peace thou cravest,
I am the Word.
* * * * *
I am the Inner Presence,
Forever nigh;
Whenever thou dost say, "I am,"
I AM that I.

AS A MAN THINKS

IT has always been known to the wise
That the man who achieves the most
Is the man who will dare
Face the foe in his lair
And go in and lay claim to the prize.
He who fears but creates him the ghost
That he fears: let him go
To the grave with the woe
That he makes: let him lie as he fell.

As for you, you must know that your path
Is encircled by friends or by foe
As *you* will: you must take
That same path that you make
By your thought: and the blessings or wrath
That encourage or trouble you so
Are your own: mark it well
That your heaven or hell
Is the state of your mind and your heart.

For the measure of worth of a man
Is the thought of his heart: and he lives
As he plans and desires
By the faith and the fires
Of his soul. And the world, quick to scan
What he is by his act, always gives
As he gives, kind for kind;
And the good he shall find,
He can measure at first in his heart.

GOD SENT AN ANGEL

GOD sent an angel to speak to me
A word He was fain I hear;
And the angel brought the message
And whispered it in my ear.

God knew I needed the word He sent—
I had lost the zest of fight,
And the right was all but beaten;
The wrong—it was all but right.

Simple the word that He sent to me—
But it soothed a spirit raw
With the pain of too much striving—
It was, "Love fulfills the law."

THE CHALLENGE OF SPRING

YES, the world is growing greener,
Everything in mad delight,
Throws aside the winter garments
And the robes of spotted white,
And with eager aspiration,
Leaps to kiss the lover, Light.

So in modesty but longing,
Nature turns her maiden face
To the maddened, gladdened mating
Of her dear lord, who in grace,
Opens wide her ample bosom
To give suckle to the race.

Let thy soul, inspired by nature,
Lay aside her robes uncouth:
Mate that soul, in sweet renewal
Of thy pledge, to God and truth:
And at length give birth *in action*
To the visions of thy youth.

THE EYES OF GOD

TO-DAY in faith and quiet rest
I lay my head upon the breast
Of love; I look into the silent eyes
That watch me from the placid skies
And read the wonder of the heart behind—
The great deep wonder of Creative Mind
That bodies forth a world, so greatly fair:
For something seems responsive there,
And half by faith and half by sight
I read a Presence in heaven's light.
So unafraid I rest, while eyes divine
Keep silent watch o'er me and mine.
Though earth shall sway and storms shall rage,
And forms of darkness stalk the stage
Of human life, and great waves sweep the deck,
I fear no evil and I dread no wreck;
But still do rest amid it all, the while
I know the eyes of God do smile
Behind the cloud. Some day the fogs shall lift
And I shall see God's face there in the rift.

LOVE LIFTS

IT is love that lifts the burden,
Love that lightens ev'ry task;
Fear not thou, but cease thy struggle;
Love will give you all you ask.
Love is God; and all about you
Breathes His presence on the air,
Unseen hands are raised to help you
By the Presence everywhere.

Love is Life; its rising surges
Sweep in tides around the wreck,
Lift and bear it to the ocean,
With the captain on the deck.
Thou, the captain; God, the ocean,
Love, the power that moves the tide;
Pilot past the bar and breakers,
Love is acting as thy guide.



WITH NATURE'S PEACE

WRAPPED in billows of softest white,
Pillowed in mist where they may rest,
The hills are slipping out of sight
To sweet embracement on Nature's breast.

There comes a note
From a warbling throat,
A farewell to the light;
Then from hill to hill
Goes a whisper still,
"Good-night, sleep sweet, good-night."

Wrapped in a love that will hold me fast,
Close to the heart of a God who cares,
The great adventure, I'll make at last,
With calm as deep as my evening prayers.

THE FACE OF GOD

O GOD-THRILLED world
Where all unfurled
The tokens of our God display,
The sea and air
And Nature rare
Have made the Unseen real today.

Thy hidden face
Today I trace
In wide-flung wonders of the deep:
The life below
Thy life doth know,
And all its treasures Thou dost keep.

The cloud-decked sky,
The soft wind's sigh
Express Thy Presence, breathe Thy Name:
The wee wild flower
Scarce born an hour
Is with Thy passion all aflame.

The rugged hill
In quiet, still,
Outlines its strength against the sky;
Yet every peak
I think doth speak
And shout its praises, "God is nigh."

With vibrant wings
The bird upsprings
And pours its pæan mete of praise;
The thrilling note
That swells its throat
Is full of praise of Thy rich ways.

O bird atilt,
Wing where thou wilt,
Thou canst not fly beyond our God;
For He is there
Beyond the air,
Who stirs the life within the clod.

Yet surer far
Than sea or star
Or all the scroll that spells Thy Name
Is sense of Thee
That thrills in me
And those whom Thou hast made the same.

Ah, love-filled soul,
The perfect whole
Is made of God and man a part;
So all in Thee
I take to me,
And in return give Thee my heart.

SPRING

ALL the world is alive
And throbs with a pulse divine;
A sentient mind sustains:
The soul of it all is God.
All Nature seems to strive—
The sap that stirs in the vine,
The germ that lives in the grain,
The bud that sprouts on the rod.

The sun pours out new life,
The hillsides leap toward the sky,
And living voices are heard—
The rush and bustle of spring.
The Living Spirit is nigh,
And remotest places are rife
With risings up of the bird
And silent things that do sing:

"It is God, it is God," they shout,
"It is Life, it is Life of One
Who lives in all and thrills through all
From the tiny seed to the sun."

"So awake to the touch of God,
So arouse to the living Soul
And heed the call of God in all,
Of the Life that sustains the whole."

STRONG THOUGHT OF LIFE

STRONG thought of life, the birth of Christ,
Uplifts the fainting heart,
Brings man to God and shows him that
He has with God a part—
A part with Life, a part with Truth,
A part with Ceaseless Love,
And shares with God, the Absolute
In things that rise above
Mere sense and sound and outer fact,
Denying grief and pain
By rising to that higher realm,
Where we are one again—
 One in the love of loves,
 One in the endless song,
 One in the peace of God,
 One in the power strong.

O Christ of God, immortal hope,
Awake my slumbering soul,
That I at length may find myself,
Harmonious and whole.
Then rise, my soul, in buoyant faith,
Mount, mount in lofty flight,
Pursue thy way through shadows dim,
Leave darkness and the night.
Press on! Ascend! the birth of Christ
Becomes a fact within—
A light, a power—Thy light and power,
For thou to God art kin—
 One in the endless joy,
 One in the life sublime,
 One in the light of lights,
 One in the ageless time.

MORNING PRAYER

TO-DAY! not yesterday nor tomorrow,
Now—I awake to thee.

This moment, I am alive to thee
And do rejoice.

What is past, has been, is gone,
I know thee not, O yesterday;
Pain, sorrow, grief, distress, I know not thee:
Vain pinings, anguishes of soul,
And dread defeat, you are no more:

Into the mists of yesterday, I plunge you
And go on — On, into Today!

Today — I welcome you!
Hail, sister of the morning:

I salute you! I joy in you, Today.
Tomorrow with its heavy padlock seal,
Its dim and vapory landscapes,
Its unpaved ways and unplumbed seas,
You I know not; or knowing, do not fear.
In yonder unknown harbors, freight of good
Is heaping on the deck; and ships, no doubt,
Do sail away to greet Todays, I yet shall see
— I know not, fear not — trust — am satisfied,
Because Today is here!

Today, I live and love and learn,
Today, I hope and work and plan;
The golden arrows of the morning
Hit the mark and bring me wealth of joy.

I catch the splendid fragrance of the morning,
I feel the breath of God upon my cheek,

A resurrected life now opens wide
The portals of the tomb of night:

Day dawns — Today is here!
Dear God, today is here. With Thee

Today, so may I live, as though today
Were all that ever was, with more to be.

So let me joy today, and help me serve,
And give me strength and hold my hand,

And drive out fear, dear God, today,
And send thy angel Hope to me,

Send Faith to meet me on my way
To sweeten all my thoughts,

And Love to keep me true.

As one who lives with angels
And treads the golden streets of Paradise,
So may I live with men and Thee
And do my work today!
Then at the evening hour
Come joy of one who lived with God— Today.

DEFEATED NEVER

DEFEATED? Never! Held back, confined, perhaps,

But only as the current of a stream:
The rushing torrent of my life still gathers
And, swirling, threatens the obstructing beam.

Discouraged? I deny the imputation,
The silent forces of my life flow on;
The deep resistance of the soul grows stronger;
And all my fears of foe and fate are gone.

Because I know some day the channel opens
And my determined will has right of way—
I wait, but gather force each hour of waiting,
And scorn the coward's whispers of dismay.

Above the dam the waters lie but deeper,
The swirling eddy tokens more of life:
Who measures strength with fate, has stronger
muscle,
Emerges more a man from every strife.

Valiantly strive, nor heed opposing forces:
No power avails thy genius to control;
God sends his rain to feed thy flood, which, rising,
Sweeps all before the onrush of thy soul.

UPON THE SEA

O DEMONS of the deep,
Ye hover there and cover there
The pathway of the sea.
In mists ye wait; with fiendish hate
Ye lie in wait for me.

But spirits of the deep
Above you hover and discover
The fearful things ye be
And laughing, lift the deep clouds drift,
And point a star to me.

O stars above the deep,
Ye brightly throw your golden glow
Across the heaving sea;
Ye join your hands with spirit bands
And so ye pilot me.

O spirits of the deep,
Adown the aisles of lengthing miles
I sail on beams of light
Of stars ye found, whose rays have bound
The demons of the night.

WHY WORRY?

WHY hurry, friend, why hurry?
Is there not time?

Why worry, friend, why worry?
You're out of chime.

It takes such force to worry,
Come, ease the strain!
And gain more strength to hurry
At it again!

ON NOBLER WINGS

R ISE thou on nobler wings,
Cleave thou the blue,
Rise where the spirit sings,
Soul, I pray you.

Mount in thine upward surge
Far toward the light,
Follow the inner urge
Out from the night.

Leave thou the world of things,
Battles and strife;
Soar where the spirit flings
Wide wings to life.

Up! Let the earth recede!
Live thou anew!
Be thou divine indeed,
Sailing the blue.

So shall the eyes of men
Tracing thy flight
Find out the way again
There in the height.

High into heav'n afar
Thy way be pressed!
There on some distant star
Soul, build thy nest.

WITHIN

I DREAM, I dream,
I sail the stream
Of magic thought
And art untaught:
I sail or drift
In the channel rift
Of unbound skies.
It is Paradise
To sail away
For aye and aye.
With angel wings
My thought up-springs:
By ways untrod
I find my God.

HAPPY ISLES OF MERCÈD

I REST and I yield to the mood of the wild
On the Happy Isles of Mercèd
And list to the song the river-god sings
To the trees that arch overhead.

He sings to the strength and reach of the rocks,
In the rude, rough rush of the tide,
A hymn that is tuned to the river and rills,
To the pines and all nature beside,

In tune with the trees, the birds, and the light
Of the sun that shines over all,
The brawl of a brook adown the rough steep,
And the savage voices that call.

So I, in the mood of things as they are,
To the quiet things that are still,
To waters that rage in violent wrath,
And the free, wild life, do thrill.

A pagan am I, untaught in the schools,
For in all do I sense a soul,
The presence of Mind that is like my own,
Or the genii in the whole.

Great god! for I heard the voice of a tree!
Dost thou proudly boast of thy strength?
Dost bear with a smile thy century's age,
Or dost speak with pain of its length?

I hear over there a whispering pine,
Do you tell of years that have been?
Dost prate of the lightning's ravaging blasts
And the thundrous noise and din?

Or mention the awful drag of the hours
When the summer burns with its heat
The crest that you raise, the while you drink
Of the deep, cool draughts at your feet?

Yon cliff, do you scowl at the Royal Arch
With your glacial face all-aglare,
Or stare at the crown of riven Half-Dome,
Or deride its bald pate in the air?

I rest and I dream beside the long course
Of the river riding the rocks,
Its heaving sides thick beflecked with its foam
And the gleaming sun on its locks—

Mercèd, with the tireless rush of its tide
From Sierra snows to the sea,
The maddest of courses a river can run
As it spurs its way to the lea.

A tale of the wildest ride in the heights:—
O'er Nevada Falls with a leap,
A plunge in the foam, then the swift mill-race
Through the channel hewn in the steep.

Unstayed in its course, it sweeps o'er the lip
Of the granite mouth of the hills
And plunges in might down Vernal Falls height
To the churning pool which it fills.

And so on and on Mercèd River runs
As it hastens down to the sea,
Now roaring with rage, now battling its way,
And now with its bridle swung free.

Run swiftly, O stream, adown your rough course
Through the ageless clefts in the rock,
Nor fear the long steep of boulders and cliffs
And the rude, wild scramble and shock.

You chisel and cut your bit in the hills,
And you carve your mark on the height;
You join with the thousand forces at work
To make Mother Earth a delight.

I rest and I dream no more in the shade
Of the Happy Isles of Mercèd:
Inspired by the voice of river and trees,
I am steeled to my task ahead.

I go! though the way be rough, and the shock
Of the contest jar on my soul:
I join with the thousand forces at work
For the greater good of the whole.

I battle my way in scorn of the rocks
And the contest in which I engage,
And laugh when I fall and sing through it all,
Nor care I what tempests may rage.

I count that the river-god spoke to my soul
In the vibrant voice of the wild:
"Protection and care are found everywhere,
For the brave, all Nature is mild.

Then fear not the tempest, doubt not the end,
In the sea is rest and delight,
And greater the joy that sings in your soul
That YOU LEFT YOUR MARK ON THE
HEIGHT."

THE BREADTH OF GOD

O H, how can men gaze on the boundless sea
And think that the nature of God can be
Narrowed and trimmed to a fancied creed:—
And to win God's favor, that man should need
The awful price of the lofty deed
Some Christ must pay.

Oh, why not look on the world's wide swing
Among the planets that moving sing
Of the great broad range of the Cosmic heart,
As the breadth of a God who does impart
His life to his child until he start
The Christlike way?

Then let us believe that the God All-Good
Can truly express His Fatherhood;
And man who springs from a heart so kind
In inner being and soul shall find
His buried self and the godlike mind
Of Christ some day.

CHRIST IS BORN AGAIN

NOT in a blinding flash of light,
Not in the thunder peal,
Not in the guise of pow'r and might,
Doth God Himself reveal.

Silent, as star-beams light the sky,
So comes our Lord to earth,
Not as a king with trumpet cry,
But as a babe has birth.

Into the empty human heart,
God's holy love for men
To those who seek he will impart,
And Christ is born again.

ON TO THE HEIGHTS!

ON to the heights, I bid thee speed!
On to the mountain peak!
Rough winds the trail
O'er hill and vale—
Noble the heights you seek.

Climb on in morning light and strength,
On in the heat of noon,
Soon comes the night
To quench the light—
Comes on the night too soon.

Rock-strewn the way, yet up and on!
Courage to gain the goal!
By hidden fear
And shadows drear,
On, on, aspiring soul!

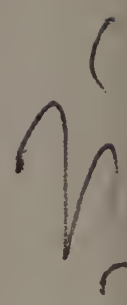
Fear not the way! There's light beyond;
Soon on the heights you stand,
Above the plane
Of want and gain,
Above the desert land.

Above the sea of doubt and grief,
Above the vale of greed,
You stand on heights,
Divinest rights,
A son of God indeed!

God-girded mountain peaks, whereto
Alone the noble rise,
Thine upward thought
And act have brought
Thy soul to Paradise.

I THOUGHT A THOUGHT

MY world was empty, cold, and chill,
And all-unkind,
The while there waited on my will
Creative Mind
With unused powers of vastest good;
Yet all-unsought.
THE VISION CAME, I understood,
I THOUGHT A THOUGHT!
And by that thought, my world, ablaze,
Flared into form:
And, by that thought, from primal haze,
Love, tender, warm,
Was flashed in splendor to my soul
No more in fear,
While angels wrote on heaven's scroll.
"A Christ is here."





AT SUNSET

A RAINBOW beauty fills the air,
The very sky and sea
Are joined in golden fellowship,
Like one, they seem to me.

When love for God adorns our lives
And crowns our every act,
We seem but one, we are but one,
And heaven is a fact.

I WONDER WHY

I WONDER why through the sky at night,
When the clouds are rolling low,
The sinking sun sends its softest light
And the world is most aglow.

I wonder why the light-house gleams
With a swift, ever-changing ray;
The warning flash but a moment beams
For the pilot out on the bay.

I wonder why the springing flow'r,
As it suckles at Nature's breast,
Should pause, as it does, and shrink an hour
Like one who has need of his rest.

I wonder why in the pool most pure
Is reflected the most of heaven;
Why wind-swept mountain oaks endure
While the oaks in the vale are riven.

I wonder why the homing bird
In the great wide range of the sky
Can wing its way with a heart unstirred
By the trackless course it must fly.

And *yet* do I wonder why?

THE STREAM OF JOY

O H, the world is running over
With the bubbling stream of joy.
Everything is full of gladness,
All the birds their songs employ
Singing happily of freedom
And the wide expanse of sky,
Chanting songs of praise like angels
While through sunny airs they fly;
Busy building, nesting, mating
Through the hazy mists of morn,
Singing lullabys of sweetness
When the setting sun is gone.
In the sunlight, lo! the daisies
Lift their lilting heads and nod,
"Thou, O sun, hast made us like thee,
Drink we deep thy draughts, O God.
Drink we deep thy merry sunshine
Till, ablaze with fiery ray,
We, the mirror of thy radiance,
Smile back gladness to the day."
Lo! beside me whisper grasses,
And before me murmur pines,
Yea, the sap within the trellis
As it stretches forth its vines
Breathes a voice to which I listen
As in rapt amaze I stand,
Joyous songs of praise arising,
Lilting laughter through the land.
Shall I then, 'midst Nature's gladness,
With a face all pulled with woe
Stand as one begirt with dangers
While the torrents round him flow?
Rather with a mad abandon
Let me yield to Nature's mood,
And with joy in flower and sunlight
Let me rally to the good.
Songs of gladness running over,
All the world with me in tune,
I shall pitch my key of living
To the melodies of June.
I shall lift my face toward heaven
As the daisies toward the sun;

I shall mirror back the likeness
Of the God in me begun.
Like a river sweeping onward,
Though it pause to turn the wheel,
Though it scatter life about it
Where its fresh'ning waters steal;
Though it bend its ardent forces
Toward the journey's end—the sea—
Still it ripples in the sunlight
Still it laughs for you and me.
While it lends its back to labor,
Still delightful is its voice—
Let me, like it, bear my burdens,
In my onward sweep, rejoice.
I, too, pass through banks confining,
I, too, spread my good abroad,
I, too, bend my forces seaward,
I, too, lift my face to God.
So I join the voice of Nature
From the river to the wood;
Join the anthem of its gladness
And rejoice in God the Good.

THE SPIRIT'S SERENITY

INTO this world from a Far Unknown—
Am I sent from the Mind of God?
And through this world to the Great Beyond—
Am I spirit, or soul, or clod?

Drawing my life from a rich dim past,
Shall I fear for myself today?
Bathed in light of the sunset glow,
I am surely more than the clay.

Who thinks high thoughts is above the clod
And is born of a nobler birth;
His mind is knit to the Mind of God,
And his soul has eternal worth.

THE SOULS OF LIGHT

SOME souls are the sheen of the placid moon
Which shivers adown the air;
And some are the light of the stars at night,
While some are a comet rare.

And some are a ray of the noon-day sun;
And others, the glow of dawn;
And some are as black as a world arack;
And some are a star, new-born.

But yours is the gleam of the pure white ray
That streams from the Light of light,
And yours is the soul whose radiant rôle
Is to guide the souls of night.

A WORD OF CHEER

SING ho! for a word of cheer in need;
For all need a word of cheer, indeed;
And no deed can bring such sunshine here
As shines for us in a word of cheer.

For hope grows dim and the shadows fall
And the shade of night draws over all;
And our souls in the darkness grope
And lost is the glimmering light of hope.

Unless we've a word of cheer, good will,
From one who sees, feels the sunshine still,
And into our souls reflects the light
To sun our souls in the darkest night.

THE CHRIST THY PILOT

MIDST the rush and roar of life
And the mortal sense of strife,
Hear the voice of Peace and Truth that calls to thee,
"Ye can cast out fear and pain
And 'twill never come again,
For the Christ within forever sets you free."

"O ye sailors tossed about
On the troubled sea of doubt,
Ye can never win the shore by might alone.
Trust the power within thy soul,
Light that guides from pole to pole,
And the life of God and thine shall be as one!"

"Though the breakers loudly roar,
Casting wreckage on the shore,
Ye shall steer your vessel freely as in calm:
I, thy star, shall shine for thee,
I, the Christ, thy pilot be,
And the pow'r of God shall save thee from all harm."

THE TRAILS

O H, the wild delight of the trails!
High trails that lead us up,
Up to the crown of things,
On to the crest of things,
Over the top of things
Launching my soul
Far o'er the clod.
So, where my spirit flings
Out to the deep its wings,
E'en there my soul upsprings,
Playing its rôle—
So—like a god!

GOD'S BLUNDER

O GOD, to understand, to once—just once to know
Who is that man who sits pathetic there
With twisted face and form and ruffled, whitened hair!
What does he think who seems quite past
The conscious effort of a thought, whose cast
Of countenance speaks neither hope nor fear
But dumb resignation and—but here,
To what is he resigned? Is there within,
Behind, unseen, some hidden force akin
To thought, that knows or feels or senses That
Which I see not? Is there in all this stumbling frame
O'errun with care, some Thing or Soul whose name
Is waiting to be called, and knows the call will come?
But God, O God, why should this dumb
And stagg'ring age, this broken sunken thing
Devolve and stumble, crawl and cling!
Couldst Thou not make a man who would not break?
Is man a cosmic blunder, a mistake?
I dare not think 'tis so, for madness lies
E'en in the act of asking why man dies.
I can, I must, I shall but feel
That man some day shall wake, reveal
A cryptic pow'r that laughs at age
And finds his body not a cage
But lofty vehicle of Light,
Nor feel nor know again the blight
That tears my soul and covers me with night.

YOUR PLAN

IN the schools you have heard
That the choice of a word
Gives flight to your thought like the wings of a bird.

Let it also be taught:
To your life you have brought
Your good or your ill on the wings of your thought.

You must know that the worm
Will continue to squirm
So long as he thinks in the terms of a worm.

But the worm that will dare
To aspire to the air
Will burst from the chrysalis, wingèd and fair.

Then let us believe
That what we achieve
Will be in the end what we dare to conceive.

THE MASTER POWER

A SLEEP within thy soul today
There lies a master pow'r
That once awake would still thy storms,
He sleeps until that hour
That thou shalt say to self, "Awake,
O mighty man in me;
Still thou my storms, fill thou my sail,
I cannot fail with thee."



THE CIRCLE OF LOVE

THE spring is mated to the brook
In one continuous flow;
The sky is mated to the sea
In one long crimson glow;
The mountains melt into the mist,
And, stretching, rise on rise,
They range afar to yonder star
And mix in star-dust skies.

The star is mirrored in the spring,
Its spirit mated there:
And so the great round circle runs
To link the everywhere.
'Tis love that winds through things and minds
In one long golden chain;
O'er circles vast, love's loop is cast,
And all is one again.

WHO THINKS

THE greatest power we know
From which all others flow
Is thought.

The worlds were flung through space;
Each star was hung in place
By thought.

The wings by which we soar
To heights not reached before
Are thought.

The lofty soul and great
Wins not by chance or fate,
But thought.

E'en that I greatly fear,
Long since I summoned here
By thought.

And ev'ry evil thing
At first to earth we bring
By thought.

If thou wouldst win the best
And meet life's acid test,
Then think!

To rise above the crowd,
You need not shout too loud,
But think.

O man, stand not and wait,
But by thy thought create!
O think!

Think how he serves mankind
Who takes his godlike mind
To think.

The measure of a man
Is what he dares to plan
And think.

Up to the edge of time,
His is the name sublime
Who thinks.

Who to the world has brought
Some noble plan or thought,
He thinks !

THE CRITICS

LET critics carp
And strum their harp
With its frazzled string a-ring,
I shall not note,
For e'er I wrote
I *lived* every line I sing.

THE SONG OF MAN

MY song shall ring
Like bells,
Like morning stars
Shall sing,
As one who tells
Of bars
Of light across
The sky
Or birds that wing
And toss
Their songs on high,
Or fling
In placid pools
Their form.
And I shall bring
The storm
From out the sea,
And string
My harp to play
The free
Long sweep of tides
I may
From ev'rything
That rides
Or swims the deep
Secure
A song to sing.
I sweep
All heav'n to lure
Each thing
To speak in song
And voice.
And, cornering
The throng
I give no choice
But notes
That stir the soul;
I cling
Until there floats
The whole
Long evening,
One chant:

"The soul alone
Is king,
Nor fate shall daunt
The man
O'ermastering,
Whose words
And spirit can
Out-swing
The stars, out-wing
The birds,
Out-sing the sun
And sea."

HOW GOOD IS THE WORLD!

LILT of the waves as my bonnie ship
Flies over the summer sea!
I am filled with joy, for my nature craves
A life that is wild and free
As the sea-gulls swimming aslant the air,
Or the springing wind with its breath so rare
That it thrills new life in me.
I shout, I sing 'til the echoes ring,
I leap on the deck with joy;
I race with the boat aside us afloat,
I jeer and I cheer like a boy.
How good is the world! Like a steed a-race,
My staunch ship leaps at a rattling pace
And plunges away with me.
And I sail, I sail, and I pray that a gale
May sweep o'er the summer sea
And bear me away to the isles of joy
Where the life-blood leaps in the veins of men,
And the heart is warm, and love is alight,
And the Love-god gives us day and night,
Forever to live and to leap—a boy!

LIFE

THERE are hearts that cry with longing,
With a thousand questions thronging,
"What is all this life about?"

"Why is all this pain and striving,
Why this pressure, why this driving?"
To the gods, these questions shout.

"By what forces are we driven?
Is the answer ever given
To dissolve the final doubt?"

"Are we moving to some distant
Goal to find that some consistent
Plan we're working has come out?"

"Blow on blow seems but the answer,
Man revealed is but a dancer
To the jiggling string of chance."

Yet, as oft' I ponder over
Fate of man as friend or lover,
Much I find my hopes enhance.

Deep within I find conviction
All I do is not constriction,
I control some circumstance.

Will to live, I find deep-seated,
Will to love finds life completed:
Life is not an idle chance.

Man, the master over forces,
Man alone selects the courses
He shall follow, he shall fly.

Man above the stars transcendent
Shall be over fate ascendent,
He who now can rule the sky.

One more field alone to master,
Into which he presses faster,
Faster, faster soars on high!

Past the stars his course is sweeping,
Past the bars of death and weeping,
Life is life, and cannot die!

YOU DID NOT CARE

'TIS not the wilful hurting
That brings the fateful thrust;
'Tis not the angry speaking
That breaks the hearts that trust.

It is the *thoughtless* action
Of those whose lives we share,
The unintended cutting
That shows they did not care.

For words in anger spoken
Are white-caps on the sea;
It is the deeper waters
That pass our fate's decree.

The careless word and action—
'Tis these that cut and tear:
What you have said *unthinking*
Reveals you did not care.

HE DAMNS HIMSELF

HE damns himself who lives in fatal fear
Of times or things or men;
Who speaks in doleful tone of what the year
May bring, and sighs again
And yet again, and frowns and bites his lip
And says, "Perhaps today
My work will fail and everything will slip,
Some chance or mishap may
Seize me, and all I have on earth be lost."
And so 'tis he alone
Who damns himself who goes to pay the cost
And reap what he has sown.

He damns himself who underrates his pow'r,
Who strives, all-meek, to pick
His way unseen. It is the dogs that cow'r
That get the well-placed kick.
But thou, when morning bursts the bounds of night
And lays her wakeful hand
Upon thy sleepy lids, shalt bless the light
And rise from bed and stand
And gaze with inner eye upon thy toil,
And know that there is not
But good for thee. Then go to take the spoil
Of what thy faith has wrought.

* * * * *

We curse or bless ourselves by our own thought.

THE MAN WHO IS LOST

THE man who by the blows of fate
Is thrust against the wall,
Who thinks it is the stealthy hate
Of gods that beat and maul;
Is lost!

Who shudders at some star and sign
Or bows his head to blows
And thinks it is the gods combine
To force the way he goes
Is lost!

While he who knows that mind relates
All forces interplay,
Directs the line of all the fates
And forces them to pay
The cost.

The safe way his, whose naked hand
Dares grapple with the foe!
It is the well-armed knave
Who seeks the easy way to go
Who's lost!



MORNING

THE finger-tips of dawn are layed upon the
curtain of the night,
The paling stars draw back; and at their lord's
approach they sing from sight.

A long sigh rustles up the field of waving grain
and tasseled corn;
The morning comes: into the hush of night there
walks the lordly dawn.

The watcher waits: and lo! across the huddled
shadows of the earth
There spreads a light that goes from gray to gold
—day has its birth!

Today is here! a fresh new day that drives afar
the fevered dark,
The glowing splendor of a day new-born! and
list, the morning lark!

O God, the morn! the day! the lark! the light!
the sun!

I know at last my fevered night is gone, my new
day is begun.

THE PASSING CROWD

PASSING by, passing by!
Rushing, streaming, pouring
In tides east and west,
North and south; eyes alert
To the main chance: taking a chance
At every confluence of the tide!
Tossed into eddies, whirled by passing streams of folks!
Folks! Folks! Folks!
People! Just people, men and women.
Who they are, where they go, who knows?
Does he who pelts down Market Street?
Whither he who bounds along the boulevard?
He who leaps the taxi's path
To flirt with death beneath
The grinding wheel of yonder car,
Does he know where he goes?
Must he so haste, and whither?
Day by day, passing, passing, passing by.
I wonder as I watch them pass,
Always going, never arriving:
What do you seek?
You who rush, have you found it yet?
Not today! Not today!
Tomorrow perhaps. Hasten! hasten!
Passing, passing by!

Yet comes the day when man shall find
That all he seeks in haste, he left behind;
That all he left, he has within;
That what shall come in him has been:
For though he pass to far or nigh,
He carries all of it as he goes by!—
He who today goes rushing, rushing by.

'TAKE WHAT YOU WILL

WHEN life claims more than thy hand yet holds,
When thou lackest the one thing yet,
One stone to finish thy lofty pile,
One gift of genius, one fortune's smile,
One friend to cheer for thy long last mile,
When thou lackest this one thing yet,
Shalt thou shut thine eyes and forget,
Shalt thou fool thy soul?

When life claims more, 'tis the crucial hour,
'Tis the upward surge of the tide,
This hour you win, or this hour you lose,
This is the hour for your master ruse,
The highest wave that you can choose
Is just at the turn of the tide,
Seize what you will in faith and ride
Safely to your goal.

THE FRICTIONLESS WAY

NO frictions fray a speeding sun,
No discords stay a star,
As in the ethers vast they run
And spray their light afar.

And lesser worlds, by subtile force
Are drawn into their train;
But still they swing along their course
Unstayed by stress or strain.

Unhurried they, unslowed by time,
And knowing not the night
They move to cosmic notes sublime
Through arcs of their own light.

* * * * *

The master marks the measured beat
And rhythmic swing of things,
And moving to the time, his feet
Are clad with buoyant wings.

Attuned to life and polarized
To every noble thought,
He learns to find the good he prized
Is by his magnet caught.

No frictions fray the master soul,
No discords stay his might,
He speeds all-splendid to his goal
Through arcs of his own light.

UNSPPOOL YOUR LIFE

UNSPPOOL your life, no thread so fine
That shall not safely run;
Who grips too hard alone shall spoil
The fabric once begun.

He who would weave with golden thread
The tapestry of life,
Must boldly weave, and dare to face
E'en Time with lifted knife.

Unspool your life with master hand,
Spend, freely spend your strength;
Who gives his life without a fear
But adds unto its length.

DELUSIONS

THIS world a dream? The things I see not real
And all this vast parade of life
Reflections by a mirror caught—
Caught from a Mind that does not think,
Cast by a mirror that is not,
Throwing a shadow long-forgot
By a mind that does not think
Over the vast and vacant brink
Of nowhere into naught?

Yet God could never be unless He thinks:—
No thought without a Thinker, no thought
Without some *fact* that demonstrates
The thought was thought. I am because
I think. Can God, who all creates,
Be less? And what He thinks He mates
With form that fits the thought
Or else the thought itself is naught,
Naught but a fool's mad dream.

Shall thus the sunset turn to ashen gray?
And thus the lark's song, once so sweet
Pass tremulous to silence dead?
Shall roses be some mystic dream,
Shall leaves that gossip overhead
Be naught? And all the quiet bed
Of space send forth no peeping gleam
Of light from starry eyes that beam
Upon a wond'ring world?

Go! take your dream of dreamers dreaming dreams
Into the silence which ye dream.
But let me live in moving spheres
Of things and thoughts, of love and life,—
A world of laughter and of tears—
Rather for me both hopes and fears
And all their consequent strife
Than life but a dream of life!
Your God is but a dream!

LIKE THE BROOK

LIKE the brook I shall live my life today,
I shall sip from the hidden spring;
From its bursting brim when I speed away
Down the heights, I shall shout and sing.
Through the canyons deep where the echoes roll
I shall lift up my voice and laugh
And down by the banks where the shadows stroll
I shall hum on the lower staff.
If the sun drives boldly across the sky
I shall catch his rays with a shout;
If the thunders roll and the clouds ride high,
Can its terrors turn me about?
I shall give to drink to the thirsty soil,
I shall tread on the whirling wheel,
I shall join my force with the sons of toil,
I shall feel what the workers feel.
But I shall not stay with the jangling throng,
I shall hie to the open field,
Where I hear the lark's upspringing song
As he peers in the burnished shield.
As the brook is calm in the quiet place,
So shall I in my soul be calm,
And the world shall see in my open face
What I mirror of cheer and charm.
Like the brook my life to the sea shall flow
With a sweep more vast and free;
And I shall not fear when at last I hear
The sound of the surging sea.

THE LAUGH OF A BOY

HAVE you ever *heard* the sunshine?
'Tis the tinkling, rippling joy,
The golden stream
With silv'ry gleam,
The care-free laugh of a boy.

Have you sat alone at twilight
With your mind free from employ
And neard a ring
As angels sing?
'Tis the rippling laugh of a boy.

Have you heard seductive music
With its sensuous decoy?
It tempted not
When soft winds brought
The pure, sweet laugh of a boy.

When the waves of care roll o'er you,
Your fondest hopes destroy,
Then breast the stream
With mem'ries' dream
Of the laugh you laughed as a boy.

O river of living laughter,
Naught shall thy course annoy,
Thou silv'ry stream
With golden gleam,
Thy source in the heart of a boy.

MY GREATEST ENEMY

EVER and ever defeated, I swore by the gods in my
wrath,
"Foe, be thou god or the devil, I shall seize thee and
cast from my path."

Then with the keenest of cunning, and wit I had failed
in before,
Sternly I sat through the darkness and waited for morn-
ing once more.

Hark! from the shadows approaching, I sense a half-
visible form;
Crouching, I spring from my hiding and strike like the
flash of the storm.

God! 'Twas a battle I fought there! I strove with an
unseen foe,
Fought as a demon fights demon, and clung 'til the day
was aglow.

Morning at last! In the open, I swayed, for with hor-
rible grin,
Clutched by the throat, I was holding—Myself—yes,
that self I had been.

'Twas my own worse self I had taken, 'twas I in the
path to my goal,
I had erected the barriers, *I* had brought grief to my
soul.

None in the world can give to me, and none take away
pow'r or pelf,
Only one man can defeat me, the man whom I find in
myself!

ONE STRING

WE jeer at him who fingers o'er and o'er
A single viol string:
The sweetest note that thrills its throat
With jarring discords ring
If played too oft.

Who twangs the harp of life
And strums and drums one tale
And prates of woe of long ago
Or fears some day to fail,
Is discord's friend.

Your life is music only as you touch
On ev'ry vibrant string;
Though one note call high over all,
One splendid motif ring,
Still play each part.

Each key must have its place in thy refrain,
No note is ever lost:
Your melody floats high and free,
The great note higher tossed
By all the rest.

TODAY I WORK

TODAY I work,
Today I move resistless to my goal,
Today with jaw firm-set and steady gaze,
I go into the world's highways
To match my mind and soul
With things or fate or men;
And though I fall, get up again
And still go on.

Though men would seem
To set my path with menace and with doubt
Today I know that I am greater than
The perils that defy a man,
I know no lash or knout,
Can turn me from my road;
Resistance is my spur and goad
To still go on.

Today with ease
I bear my load along the paths that wind
And love my task today and work with zeal;
For what today I do, I feel
Is mine to do; and I shall find
The glory of my work has shed
Its splendor on my way ahead
As I go on.

MEMORIAL TO HEROISM

WHAT monument befits the brave
Who paid the price in blood to save
The cause of Freedom, those who gave
On land and seas
Their daring gift? Shall arching stone
And raucous speech and shout atone
For hell's wild night and bleaching bone
Of men like these?

Ye dead who set a nation free,
Ye dead who kept its unity,
Ye dead of Chateau Thierry
Who put it through—
O ye who died these decades gone,
And ye who died but yesterdawn,
All ye who passed the great gift on,
How honor you?

From fields whose harvest is the cross,
From woods that shriek of pain and loss,
From stones long overgrown with moss,
One shout is heard:—
“Through iron agony we passed,
Through hell's mad fire and with'ring blast
That in that furnace might be cast
This mighty word,

“The Freedom of Mankind!” This then
We ask—no eloquence of pen!—
Write thou our deeds in living men
Upon the heart.
He shows us honor most and great
Whose *life* shall justify our fate;
Whose soul is kept inviolate,
He does his part.”

MOTHERHOOD

BORNE by a valiant spirit
With reckless heart and air,
He faced the foe at Argonne
And won the croix de guerre.

Once in the midst of battle
He saved his men hard-pressed;
His was the daring venture
That crushed the viper's nest.

She was a timid creature,
The woman of his choice,
Who shuddered at the shadows
And feared the wild wind's voice.

Yet when the hour of travail
Suffused her eyes with pain,
She fearless, fought the battle
And won to life again.

Once when the Tireless Reaper
Was thund'ring at the gate,
She fought with a fiercer courage
And forced him stand and wait.

Then when the child was taken,
The man with grief gone wild,
Hers was the faith defiant
That clasped his hand and smiled.

Aye, carve in marble whiteness
The fearless hero's fame;
But on the arch of heav'n
The dauntless woman's name.

Inscribe above all daring
And praiseful deeds and good,
On the list of fearless ventures
The brave word, "Motherhood."

ARE THEY LOST?

HERE at the edge of the fountain, quite broken,
Here by this puddle that leaks from the edge,
Caught by a puff of the eddying breezes,
See! it was thrown from my high window ledge.

Yes, 'twas my own hand that fashioned this basin,
Strange how it came through untwisted! My word!
Who would believe that this misshapen tangle
Ever had served as the cage of my bird!

Strange what the impulse that draws us unthinking,
Makes a man turn when it's too late to turn,
Knew when I turned there was nothing could save it,—
Threw up a window and knocked down a fern.

Breathless I stood as the cage swiftly whirling
Spun for a moment and crashed on the ground.
Lo! as I thought that his life was the forfeit,
He from the ruins took the air with a bound!

Lo! from the earth upspringing
Out on the trackless way.
Somewhere my bird is singing,
Winging and singing today.

Lost to my sight and choosing
Ways that I cannot trace,
Never its own way losing
Lightly it wings through space.

* * * * *

Here from this cage has the spirit departed.
Lo! There the stone and beyond it the cave!
Why stand ye weeping, why madly despairing?
See! he has risen! behold! but a grave!

Lo! from the earth upspringing
Out on the trackless way,
Swiftly your loved one winging
Never a moment astray!

Lost to our misty seeing,
Still as he soars the sky,
He and the Greater Being
Knows that he did not die.

THE DAY CONTROLS THE NIGHT

'TIS not the night decides the day,
The day controls the night,
Determines when the eve shall come
And when the morning light.

The limits of your woe or loss
Are never set by ill,
But only by the joys you have,
Subjective to your will.

The clouds cannot dissolve the sun,
The sun dissolves the haze:
The smiles you cast upon your clouds
Will turn your nights to days.

THE NEW FLAG OF PEACE

I SEE a new age dawn,
And floating free at morn
The flag of all the world
On ev'ry staff unfurled,
A flag of white.

All colors meet in white,
And in this flag of light,
All flags do melt and merge
And meet the cosmic urge
To be as one.

Yet melting into one
And blazing in the sun
To merge each cross and bar—
Alone there stands one star,
Resplendent, free.

And lo! this star set free,
My country, sings of thee!
'Tis Freedom's star that shone
First on *thy* sight alone—
But now for all!

You gave that star to all,
For it thy youth did fall
In trench and bloody field,
That so their lives might shield
A tortured world.

Behold throughout the world
This flag of white unfurled!
And children at the door
Of schools the whole world o'er
Do thus salute:

"We pledge our love to thee,
Thou seal of unity,
Now shall all warring cease:
High float the flag of peace,
Our love to thee!"

HEALING SONG

(Tune: "Draw Me Nearer")

IN my soul, O Lord, is the dawning light
Of the Son of Righteousness,
And my heart beats high with my ardent faith
In the God of tenderness.

Refrain.

For my healing, healing, healing, praise the Lord,
And the joy my soul doth find:
For the healing, healing, healing, praise the Lord
Of my body, soul, and mind.

Give me richer faith in thy life, O Lord,
As it pours its tides through me:
Let me view myself as a son of God,
That I thus may honor Thee.

Refrain.

As the years speed by, let me closer press
To the heart of Love Divine,
Let my soul grow rich in the joy of God,
And the life of Christ be mine.

Refrain:

ANCHORAGE

HEART of the world, I praise Thee,
God of a love divine,
Ever Thy joys amaze me,
Thou who hast called me Thine.

Darkly the waters raging
Whirled me out to the sea:
Fiercely its force engaging,
Called I aloud to Thee.

Thou in thy love replying
Cast out the anchor, Hope:
Cared not that storms defying
Pulled at the straining rope,

For, with a voice commanding,
God of the wind and sea,
Spake Thou in stern commanding,
"Loose him and set him free."

Out of the dark emerging,
Standing at last unbound,
Free of the tempest's scourging,
Blessed is the truth I have found:

He whom the storm is worsting,
Carrying him out to sea,
Finds at length an unbursting
Anchorage, Father, in Thee.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SOUL

GOD of Love, our thoughts arise
Borne on wings of faith to Thee,
Darting through the beckoning skies
Soaring glad and springing free;
Safe from fear, my soul in praise
Seeks to voice its joy in song;
All my thoughts in tireless lays,
Singing, wing their way along.

High above the battling tide
Soars my glad aspiring soul,
Borne by fav'ring winds I ride
Swiftly to my distant goal;
Through the vast uncharted space,
By an instinct strong, divine,
I do seek Thy dwelling-place,
Father-God, to make it mine!

Pause, my soul, a new delight
Greets me as I higher rise!
God is on my left, my right,
On the earth and in the skies,
Though I speed to some far goal
Unrevealed in spaces dim,
God is everywhere, my soul;
Thou mayst fly, yet rest in Him!

GOD OF MEN AND NATIONS

Mid-Summer Convention Hymn, 1918

COME, join ye your voices in praising the Lord
Who maketh the worlds by the power of His Word:
All hail and all praise to the love and the might
Of God the Creator, whose marvelous Light
Dispels all the darkness of chaos and night.

One Spirit Celestial, one Father of all,
The God of the nations, the great and the small:
All hail and all praise to the pow'r that doth bind
The hearts of all people until they shall find
That all are but one in the Infinite Mind.

From war's desolations we look for surcease
In light of the love of the Great Prince of Peace,
And join all our forces to hasten the day
When Truth is set free and Justice shall sway,
And Right is triumphant forever and aye.

Then hail to one God, to one Light, Love, and Truth,
Whose spirit is one with the vision of youth,
At one with the valor that fights for the right,
At one with the effort of all who unite
To drive out the darkness by bringing the light.

We praise and adore Thee, Thou Ruler Divine
Whose kingdom the world is—Thy love shall entwine
All hearts and all hopes in one union of praise:
To Thee, God of men and of nations, we raise
Our soul's adoration, Thou Ancient of Days.

ONE THING I KNOW

I CAME from—God knows whence I came;
I go to—God knows where;
The yesterdays lie 'neath the sod;
Tomorrows, in the air.

Today alone is known to me,
Tomorrow is not mine;
Yet looking back and looking on,
I see one star-truth shine.

If yesterday lies buried low,
Thy morrow in the sky,
Thy way today is on and up,
Climb on, the goal is high!

I came from—God knows whence I came;
I go to—God knows where;
But while I climb, I know my way
Lies always in His care.

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TO WILL AND TO DO

I WILL do so, I will do so.
I will—
'Tis resolve,
It is purpose, intent—
'Tis the forces of mind determinedly bent
Which revolve
And thrill
Round and through the things we do.

I will do so, I will do so—
Will do—
It is act,
It is carrying out
The deep resolution of what we're about:
Is in fact
The new
Of desire in test of fire.

To will and to do his good will—
Aye, pause
Hapless soul,
In whom purpose and act
Are never united and fused into fact—
In a whole!
Because
Act and song in ONE belong.

MY BOY BEYOND

To a Friend

YOU may not come to me, but I can go:
I fear not the wide stretch of plain,
I know that He who met you on your way
Will meet me too, beyond the blue
And guide me to my boy again.

THE HOME HARBOR

MY ship is sailing a placid sea
At the end of a stormy trip:
I glide along on the waveless deep,
I am free at length of the wind's wide sweep,
In my safe, unhurried ship.

I near the end of the long romance,
The adventurous trip of life;
And freighted deep with its treasures rare,
I breathe the sweet and perfumed air,
Escaped from the gale's keen knife.

The harbors await me, the turrets shine
On the castles of yonder town:
A thousand welcoming voices shout,
And friends of yore come pouring out
As my sails go tumbling down.

'Tis home! 'Tis home! for my mother there,
And long-lost dear ones stand!
And, there the face of a life-long friend!—
My venturesome voyage has found its end—
Lo! Christ with an outstretched hand!

MY AFFIRMATION

I AM singing the song of the spirit,
I am chanting the song of the soul:
There is Love to the depth of my being,
The presence of God makes me whole.

MY ASSURANCE

“**G**OD loves me,” let my soul sing on
The sweet refrain.

“God loves me,” let the song ring on
Again, again.

“God loves me,” in his constant love
My one delight.

“God loves me,” I am raised above
The gloom of night.

“God loves me, God *is* Love,” the song
So thrills my soul!

“God loves me,” I to him belong,
In him am whole.

“God loves me,” endless song of songs
Forever sing!

“God loves me,” I can know no wrongs,
To Him I cling.

MY CONFIDENCE

A Treatment

WITH perfect joy, I greet the dawn,
With perfect calm, the night,
Asleep, awake, at work, or play,
I know that all is right.
Beneath the shelter of Thy wing,
I rest and find relief.
Thy truth my shield, the secret place
Of joy, beyond belief.
No fear can come; there is no fear
Of pain, disease, or death;
Of evil thought or enemy
To one whose life and breath
Are drawn from that deep inner source,
That realm sublime within,
Where spirit doth with Spirit meet
To save from pain or sin.

O creeping fears and terrors dim,
Ye have no part in me;
For God is Good and I am God's
And naught else will I be.
I thank Thee, Father, for my joy,
I thank Thee for my peace;
I thank Thee that my fear is gone,
And for my heart's release.
I bless Thy name, I rest in Thee
As one all-pressed about
By angel wings and pleasant things
One cannot do without.
Accept my thanks that where Thou art
There is no pain nor fear:
Nor shall it come to me again,
Since Thou art ever near.

BE STILL

BE still, for I, thy Father, dwell
Within thine inmost soul :
Be still and let My Voice command
Thy heart ; My Word control
Thine act : oh, rest in quiet 'til
My thought shall rule thy will.

HELD FAST

O BOUNDLESS love of God
That holds my soul,
Kept fast
Above the earth-drawn clod,
And make me whole
At last.

In Thee I find my life
Restored, made good,
And own
The hope that glows through strife
And makes the rood
A crown.

O matchless life of man!
Begot of God!
You rise
And soar, beyond the span
Of lowly clod,
The skies.

NOW DO I RECEIVE

I DWELL in the Secret Presence,
I rest in the ocean of love,
I walk with God in my spirit,
I draw from the forces above.

I wait on the Lord for renewing,
I trust in His promise alway,
I ask and receive with the asking,
I ask and *receive it* TODAY.

LOOK UP

LIFT up your eyes to the stars in the skies,
And open your soul unto heaven:

Look unto Life, and find rest from your strife,
And all that you ask shall be given.

MY MIND WAS CHANGED

(A Dialogue)

WHY do you sing today? Still hides his face, the
sun,
And all is sad the same as when your grief begun.

You do not know the joy that sings in me today,
Because it all is gone, I've cast it all away.

What is it you cast off; can grief and pain be cast,
Can all your loss and woe be buried in the past?

But still confess you see the strain and stress is gone,
Some weight has rolled away; mine eyes not woe
begone,

The pain has left my head; that strain here in my side
Has vanished in the sea, as shores cleansed by the tide.

The tide? What tide? I see, some change come over
you,

An atmosphere, a calm, a radiance, 'tis true.

Whence does it spring? Ah, friend, reveal this thing
to me,

That I may find your joy, that I your secret see.

It came at dawn, this peace; there lighted in my soul
A wondrous light, that cleansed my mind and made me
whole.

It "cleansed your mind"? You mock my deep desire
to know.

"Your mind was cleansed," my friend?

Dost change the body so?

'Tis so, indeed, 'tis so! Trust took the place of fear;
Love took the place of loss; and joy, of sorrow drear.
Pain vanished with the thought of ever-present love,
I caught a view of God—within—not up above.
In me! In me; within! His kingdom is within!
Where God is, pain is not, where love is, gone is sin.
I breathe a newer life, I live in Spirit now,
And not to fear nor pain, but just to Truth I bow.



My heart was changed at once, my mind changed with
my heart;
Love showed the way to Truth; Truth played its heal-
ing part.

LOOK FOR THE GOOD

LOOK for the good! So only shall ye find delight in life.

The worst is there? Ah, yes, 'tis hard to see the good
When much we see of ill, but still the good is there!

That finer sense, that fairer form, that spirit bold and true,

God's self appears in all: through all, in all, He works
and lives

And to Himself is true,—and so the good is there.

The green scum lying on the pool scowls at the sun

And hides its vulgar depths, and thinks

To seize upon the beams of day

And hold, nor mirror back again—

Yet all the while a deeper urge divine

Stirs in the pool, and rising, parts the filth, and forth
appears

The lily!

Fairest of flowers, and rich in fragrance and in bloom,

It blows its perfumed breath across the putrid waste,

And gathering all the sunbeams in its breast,

It glows in simple beauty and content within its humble
sphere.

No less is man; in all is good,

In all the deeper urging of a power divine,

Whereof we see that God is there within His son,

For all are sons of God, as Christ himself declared

To those who carped and jeered and puffed themselves
as holy ones alone.

The good is there, the splendid good, the urge of God
in man!

FOR HER

I ASKED of the sky with its changing hue,
"What do you paint with your brilliant blue?"
And this was the word that I faintly heard
From the smiling skies:
"Her eyes."

I turned to the sun, that with glorious ray
Was painting its pigments into the day:
"Oh, why dost thou gleam with such golden stream,
For what purpose rare?"
"Her hair."

A lily I found that answered me
When I asked, "What shall thy future be;
To what heaven bright shall thy soul take flight,
Will you tell me now?"
"Her brow."

I stopped by the way while I plucked a rose:
"Pray, tell me where all your crimson goes!"
And the rose flushed red as it faintly said
From its petal tips,
"Her lips."

"Oh, why then," I asked, "do you paint so fair
My love, ye children of earth and air?"
And while Nature smiled at her questioning child,
From her lips she blew,
"For you."

STARS AND FIRE-FLIES

I HEARD a bird calling
While shadows were falling
And dusk blew down from the hills.
The trees were a-rustle
In motherly bustle
To cover the earth with their spills.
The night-owl was stretching
Himself; like an etching
I saw him against the sky.
“Hoo-hoot” he was flinging
Himself to go winging
Away where the insects fly.
Across the blue billows
I saw the soft pillows
The sun-god uses at night,
His sleepy head sinking
All drowsy and blinking
Was hid by a red-torch-light.
The great sea was rocking
His bed and was talking
In softest tones of the deep.
Dark fell like a curtain,
And so I was certain
The sun-god had fallen to sleep.
The fire-flies no longer
In fear of the stronger
And brighter light of the sun
Came flying and darting
And stopping and starting
And sinking and skipping in fun.
The pale stars were lighted
But seemed all afrighted
By lanterns the fire-flies had hung:—
If fire-flies shine brighter
And make the world lighter,
The praise of the stars goes unsung.
But this ought not shame them
For no one will blame them
Who fling their soft light afar;—
The whole world is pining
To be the fair shining

And radiant light of a star.
 The stars would all tumble
 In terrible jumble
 Who tried to fly like a fly:
 I hope they will never
 Thus try to be clever
 But stay up there in the sky.
 Nor fire-flies a-gleaming
 With lantern-light streaming
 Need envy the stars' true ray:—
 If they should be taken
 To heav'n, mistaken
 For stars that have wandered away,
 'Twould be to their sorrow
 For they could not borrow
 Enough of a light to see,
 And in the dark places
 Their poor little faces
 Would always be lost to me.
 * * * * * *
 We all show our beauty
 In doing our duty
 Whatever our kind of light:
 The place of high honor
 Is that little corner
 Where we are shining tonight.

MY CLOCK

I DON'T know why
The clock should lie
And tell untruths to me,
But when I wake
By some mistake,
It always seems to be
Too fast!

By some sad fate
I will be late
Unless I jump from bed.
I dare not stop,
But out I hop
And dress as though it said,
"Get up."

And then at school
The clocks all fool
Us children, they're so slow:
When they say four
It's really more,
But we don't dare to go
Away.

When I get big
So I can dig
Into the earth for gold,
I'll buy a clock
That goes tick-tock
And does just what it's told
By me.

And when I try
In bed to lie,
My clock shall just stand still,
And every clock
That goes tick-tock
Will have to wait until
Mine goes.

My clock shall run
As fast as fun
When school is half way through,
And when I look
I'll close my book:
Cause four shall come at two
Or one.

BIGGER THAN THE STARS

I LOOKED up at the stars tonight
To see their funny points of light,
And there they were all shining bright
Like fire-flies in the air.
I know that they are big and far,
Much bigger than the fire-flies are,
That nothing's bigger than a star,
And yet it made me stare
To think how great is their surprise
When they look down with their own eyes
From their high places in the skies
And see that I can talk.
They may be bigger far than me,
They may stand higher than a tree,
They may be wise as wise can be,
But still they cannot walk.
And so I think you stars must know
As through the silent blue you go
That little folks like me below
Are greater far than you.
'Cause I can walk and talk and think,
And get a cup and take a drink,
And choose what I shall do, and wink
And blink my eyelids too.

CHILDREN'S POEMS

THE STAR MAN

THERE'S such a funny man
Lives way out there.
His home is in the hills:
Say, you would stare
If you could see that man,
'Cause he don't care
About his clo'se, and fills
His han's with flowers,
An' pockets with the rocks,
An' stands in showers
Jus' like there warn't no clocks
Nor any hours,
While he jus' counts the stars
On star-light nights.
An', well, I think he talks
To all the lights,
An' all the moon-beam bars
An' all the sights
An' sights from here to Mars.
An' once I crawled up still
Behind a stump,
An' I jus' seen him fill
His chist and thump
Hisself real hard, until
I most said, "Hump!"
But he seemed jus' plum' full
Of joy,—and glad,
Jes like he'd run from school
'Cause he jus' had
To get down to the pool
And swim like mad.

An' gee, I heard him say,
"My shinin' star,
My golden gleamin' ray,
You come from far
To turn my night to day.
You are my star,
For in dim ages past,
The God of Light,
Whose Spirit held me fast,
To make more light,

Took in his hand and cast
Thee forth with might.
An' I am part of Him
That made thee shine;
An' thru the spaces dim
An' ether fine,
I claim thee on the rim
Of heav'n as mine.
My star, my light, my beam,
You shine for me;
An' in your radiant stream
The light I see
Of Him that made thee gleam—
'Tis God and thee.
O God of stars above,
God of the air,
God of the radiant love,
O God most fair,
This shinin' orb doth prove
That Thou art there."

I know you think it queer
I know so well
The thoughts he used, and near
The words that fell,
An' how he was some seer,
That I can tell.
Well, he saw me an' said
That children can
Know all these things he read
From heav'n's span,
And put it in my head,—
He's my star man.

GOD'S LITTLE ONE

GOD'S little one—
The babe that comes to me,
Puts 'round my neck her little arm
And snuggles close at slight alarm,
God's little one must be.

God's little one—
So simple is her way,
So sweet the pressure of her head,
So comforting the word unsaid,
But felt from her alway!

God's little one—
His messenger indeed,
For naught in all the world above
Betokens God as does her love
At just my hour of need.

God's little one—
They say that God lives far
In yonder stretch of heav'nly blue,
And rules as king and princes do
Beyond the farthest star.

God's little one—
He rather rules through you
This selfish heart, this stubborn will,
This restless mind that's never still,
And thus God's voice speaks through
My little one.

THE WORDS YOU SAY

WHEN the sun goes to bed in his billowy nest
And calls all his children home,
And the rays of the sun to their father have run
Down under the great blue dome:
When the stars that have hidden away in the mist
Come peering forth from the sky,
And the birds with a peep have all fallen asleep,
And shrill is the cricket's cry:
When the fire-flies a-dance in the stilly night air
Go flying somewhere and back;
When the frogs are a-trump and g-r-r-rumpy, gr-r-rump,
In pools that are inky black;
When the owl in the oak with his feathers a-puff
Has opened his saucepan eyes
And has uttered a hoot, and with hooty-toot-toot,
Out into the darkness flies:
Then the doors of the trees and the rocks and the hills
Are opened wide by the elves,
And the brownies come out and fays go about
And fairies display themselves.
Then they dance down the dell and go spinning about,
They run on the star-beam track,
And laugh 'til they cry when the bold ones try
To ride on the owl, bareback.
In the trees the wee brownies are rocking away
Aloft in the topmost swing,
Or they peer in the nest where the birds are at rest
Safe under the mother's wing.
And the best of the fairies are hastening about
To tasks that they joy to do,
While beneath their coats, clear up to their throats
Are buttoned some things from you!
FOR THE FAIRIES ARE THOUGHTS that go
speeding about
To carry the words you say,—
The things that you said when you went to your bed
And words that you spoke all day.
And the fairies have gathered the kind things you said
And thoughts that are big and true;
To your friends through the night, they deliver aright
Like letters these thoughts from you.

But THE MEAN LITTLE THOUGHT IS A DARK-
SKINNED ELF,

A warped and a twisted thing.

With its spears in its hand it speeds through the land
To pierce and to hurt and sting.

When you wake in the night and the stars are a-shine,
I ask you to peep from bed

And to see, if you may, just what kind of a fay
YOU made by the words you said.

Do not fear if your thought is a fairy-like thing!

But if 'tis a horrid elf,

Just you bid it come back from its terrible track,

For You made the thing yourself!

In the silence send out on its mission this thought:

"I bless all the world tonight,

Now go, little word, for the fairies have heard,

I want all my thoughts to be right."

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN

IF I were a boy again
I would do as I did in the long ago,
In the summer the pool;
In the winter the snow,
In the beautiful days of the long-ago,
Those days of flawless joy!

If I were a boy again—
Oh, the day of the birds would be my day;
I would rise with the lark
I would carol his way,
I would laugh and sing in my care-free play,
If only I were a boy.

'Tis ho, for the pool
At the close of school,
In the sunlight-gladdened air,
With the dive and splash
And the water's crash
Over lithe limbs, bronzed and bare.

Or to sit and dream
With a hook in stream
Of the golden hours beyond:
And the deep delight
Of the flying kite,
Or a sail on the old mill-pond!

Oh, to climb the hill
In the moonlight still,
When the crust lies on the snow,
Then the body bent
For the quick descent
As the flying runners go!

Or to skate at night
In the full moonlight
With one whose hand you hold;
Through the shadows dim
How you love to skim,
How her cheeks grew red—with cold!

If I were a boy again,
I would do as I did in the long ago,
Just how often I think,
Oh, you never can know,
Of the beautiful days of the long-ago,
Those days of a flawless joy.

I AM SINGING

I AM singing today for my heart is glad;
And I thrill with a deep delight,
For the dark clouds fly, all swept from the sky
By the beams of the sun's warm light.

Hear the song of the lark as he soars away
To be free in the blue above;
Ev'ry note he sings as he mounts on wings,
Is of love, "God is love," dear love!

Just you look for the blessings Our Father gives
You will find them ev'rywhere,—
In the rainbow's gleam, in the sparkling stream;
In the ocean, the trees, and air.

In the light of the sun, I can see God's smile;
And the stars that look at me
Reveal a trace of our dear God's face
Which I think that the flow'rs can see.

So I'm singing today and I laugh with joy,
And I have not a fear nor care,
For I feel and know, that above and below
Is the God of the everywhere.

MY GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER

NOW let me sleep. In peace I lay me down
As draws the day to close:
Good day or ill, no more it vexes thought
Than when at morn I rose.

Now on the breast of night once more I lie
As when a child I lay
Close in the warm embrace of mother-love,
Worn with the hours of play.

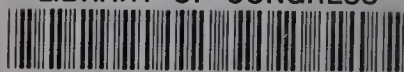
I rest and breathe a prayer to God tonight
And feel his presence near,
Whose power is great, whose wings o'er-shadowed me
And guard my heart from fear.

Dark though the night, I closer press to God:
He sees beyond the dark
And knows the good that yonder lies for me—
He hears the morning lark!

So let me sink to rest in dreamless sleep—
Flee, cares, to shadows dim!—
My soul shall find its peace in God and wake
From sleep or death to Him.

THE END

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